MC'DONALD'S
RETURN TO GLENCO.

As I went a walking one evening of late,
When Flora's gay mantle the fields decorate,
I carelessly wandered, where I did not know,
By the banks of a fountain that lies in Glenco.

Like her who the prize of Mount Ida had won,
There approached me a lassie as bright as the sun,
The ribbons and tartans around her did flow,
That once graced McDonald, the pride of Glenco.

I thought she was enchanted, to her I drew nigh,
The red rose and lily on her cheek seemed to vie,
I asked her her name, and how far she'd to go ;
She answered me, kind sir, I'm bound for Glenco.

I said, my dear lassie, your enchanting smile,
And comely sweet features does my heart beguile,
If your affections on me you'll bestow,
You'll bless the happy hour we met in Glenco.

Young man, she made answer, your suit I disdain,
I once had a sweetheart, young McDonald by name,
He went to the wars about ten years ago,
And a maid I'll remain till he returns to Glenco.

Perhaps young McDonald regards not your name,
But placed his affections upon some foreign dame ;
And may have forgotten, for aught that you know,
The lovely young lassie he left in Glenco.

My Donald's true valor, when tried in the field,
Like his gallant ancestors, disdaining to yield ;
The Spaniards and French he'll soon overthrow,
And in splendor return to my arms in Glenco.

The power of the French is hard to pull down,
And causes many heroes to die of their wounds,
And with young Mc'Donald it may happen so ;
Th man you love dearly perhaps is laid low.

My Donald from his promise can never depart,
For love, truth and honor are found in his heart,
And if I never see him, still single I'd go,
And mourn for my Donald the pride of Glenco.

Now finding her constant, I pulled out a glove,
Which at parting she gave me, as a token of love,
She hung on my breast while the tears they did flow,
Saying, you are my Donald returned to Glenco.

Cheer up, my dear Flora, your sorrows are o'er,
While life does remain we'll never part more,
Though the storms of war at a distance may blow,
In peace and contentment we'll reside at Glenco.